

The Weekly Museum

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 22, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

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THE HEIRESS OF DEVON.

[Continued from our last.]

THEY return is indeed unexpected, said he, but more welcome (if possible) for being so.

Ethelwald looked at him with a wishful eagerness—the Earl interpreted it. Far be from me, he cried, to fully the native garb of sincerity (which has ever marked my days) disavowing the pleasure I received from the prospect of thy alliance, which thy noble birth and high estimation with thy sovereign render desirable even to our ancient house.

But mark me, Baron, when I say these advantages fade into insignificance before me if not supported by virtue; assured of thine from the acclamations of the exalted, and the less clamorous voice of the retired, I sanction thy hopes.

Lady Devon entered at this instant; the tears sparkled in her eyes, and extending her white hands, my heart, noble Ethelwald, said she, bows yielding to thy request, and when the virgin reserve of Elfrida candidly allows her to speak, she will declare her acquiescence to our wishes.

Ethelwald would have uttered the ebullitions of his soul, but all was rhapsody and inconsistency; he attempted to bend his knee to the ground, but was prevented; they conducted him to their daughter; she met him with a beautiful disorder; she was desired to welcome him; her tongue faltered, but her dark blue eyes were eloquent.

Her father witnessed her confusion, and wished to terminate the period of suspense.

Though the commencement of our acquaintance has been short, said he to the Baron, yet our friendship appears strong as if the growth of years; but sympathy is the cement of souls;

same united mine to your's long since. The blushes of Elfrida confess the dear secrets of her soul. I am an enemy to the frigidity of punctilio; each moment of the swift period of existence should I think, be usefully employed and innocently enjoyed. Receive then youth my daughter; secure of thy honour, the last branch of the house of Devon is intrusted to thy care; sweet will be the shade thou shall afford to guard it from each blight, nor will the parent stream itself lack nourishment from the—he stopped, a tear trickled down his reverend cheek. Lady Devon sobbed—oh, Ethelwald, my newly adopted son, said she, with uplifted hands, if thou ever cease to cherish my darling expect to forfeit the smiles of heaven.

He withdrew his enfolding arms from Elfrida and bent his knee to the ground, the fire of his soul darting from his eyes—yes, lady, said he, may I forfeit the smiles of heaven, and may the hour in which Ethelwald ceases to regard Elfrida, as the first object in the creation, be his last.

The nuptials were soon solemnized with that splendour befitting their rank. The peasantry, whom the Earl considered as one great family, were made to rejoice on the occasion, an infant lips were taught to hail that hour with blessings in which Ethelwald and Elfrida united their fates.

They soon repaired to the Baron's castle; it had long been forsaken by him; he now beheld it with an awful transport; he led with an enthusiastic glow its blooming mistress round the spacious apartments once inhabited by many a noble dame, their hovering spirits he imagined nigh, and called for the function of their blessings.

The nobles thronged around to pay their tribute of respect; the vassals exerted their artless skill in rural sports; and many young and gallant knight displayed his skill in tournaments to gain a smile from the fair bride.

Intoxicated with the completion of felicity, Ethelwald forgot the danger of exposing Elfrida to view; he recollects it not till too late; then assuaged his alarms by the hopes the king would no more make enquiries concerning her. But an alarming thought suggested is not quickly dispelled; the joys of Ethelwald now diminished before his apprehensions; he fully proved that the heart conscious of an error taints the liveliest scenes; nay, every blessing is oppressive if convinced of not deserving its possession; vainly would nature court him to be blest whose soul knew the pollution of vice.

A change of the saddest kind now stole upon the bridal pleasures of Elfrida. Her noble father, on his return to his ancient seat, was seized with a malignant disorder, which lady Devon caught by her attendance on him. They wished to avoid disturbing the happiness of their children; they delayed sending till her presence would have been unwailing; they committed their parting benediction for her to a truly domestic; they survived each other but a short time, and expired with no other sorrow on their souls than that proceeding from not beholding her.

Blameless throughout life, retrospection with them was attended with hope and serenity; they had cherished religion and benevolence, and they found them supports when this world was fading away.

The thoughtless they had reclaimed by example, and the precepts of tender wisdom; often had they replenished the pilgrim's scrip, and cheared the penurious cottage of the peasant.

Altered were the shades of Devon, its hospitable gates were closed, nor did the casements admit the chearing rays of the sun; no longer the gay shepherd revelled in its meads, nor echo return the blythsome notes of joy.

Many years after the name of Ordun, Earl of Devon, or his noble dame, could not be mentioned without the tribute of tears.

Elfrida's anguish surpassed description. Ethelwald strove not to control its tumults; the voice of nature he knew must first be heard; he consigned her to the melioration of time, her good sense and religion. When her mind began to regain some degree of its wonted calmness, she wept upon the Baron's breast—now, spouse of my affections, she exclaimed, thou art the only guardian left Elfrida. And by that sacred title, he replied, by every endearing tie may I watch over the most precious gift of Heaven.

Time now rolled on and fond Ethelwald still fascinated to the confines of his castle; he forgot what the departed Earl had said of his being now in the zenith of his youth and its active powers, when those laurels are to be acquired whose bright foliage shall shade the ebbing period of mortals existence. Laid in the inglorious lap of indolence, its enervation imperceptibly stole upon him; love, or rather the idolatry of passion, took wholly possession of his mind, and made him forgetful of the duties incumbent on him. Even love itself was hurt by such a conduct. Elfrida, whose soul breathing the genuine emanations of vivacity, required scenes fit to feed its fires; a wearisome lassitude she now began to feel at the uniformity of all around; perpetually accustomed to the sight of Ethelwald, her eyes lost the delight of novelty, nor did her breast beat tumultuous responses to his voice. She began to think of other pleasures, she knew not how to obtain them, and sighed for the wanting them.

The king at first was surprised at the seclusion of his favourite—he felt hurt—he enquired, and heard too much. In the first paroxysms of rage and disappointment, he vowed by the spirit of offended loyalty to punish the perfidy of Ethelwald. Even in his cooler moments, he was still determined. After some little deliberation he dispatched a courier to inform the Baron he proposed taking the amusement of the chase in the forest of Harwood, and would pass a few days at his castle.

'Twas now the storm burst tremendous on his head; he shuddered, he experienced the dire horrors of an illicit plot; he beheld the gulph of destruction yawning before him, and saw no retreat. He fled to the apartment of the Baroness—he caught her to his bosom—he even wept over her—he saw the prospect of losing her. She was amazed at his emotions, and eagerly enquired the cause.

In a distracted and inconsistent manner he informed her of all. He fell at her feet—her robe was enfolded in his trembling arms—his cheeks were dyed in paleness—he besought her to forgive the impetuosity of that love which tempted him to tarnish the lustre of his honour.

My wife, my beloved, the hand of violence, he exclaimed, may wrest thee from me. Oh, do thou, I conjure thee by all our hopes of happiness, endeavoured to lessen thy attractions. Alas! I have still no hopes, My Elfrida must be ever too exquisitely lovely.

When recovered from her first astonishment, she quickly comprehended his meaning; she desired him to fear nothing from her want of prudence; then expressing a wish to be alone, he retired.

Elfrida continued a considerable time in profound meditation; then suddenly starting from the seat, Bertha, cried she, to her most favoured attendant, are you not a little surprised at what we have just now heard. The Baron has played us rather false; yes, said she, traversing with hasty steps her chamber, then stopping before a mirror, a diadem would not have been unbecoming

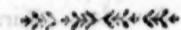
this brow, nor would this hand looked very ill in wielding a sceptre.

Yes, madam, I really think the Baron has played a truant game; Oh, surely, Queen would have been much better than a simple Baronesse; besides, I should have been your majesty's maid of honour, the Lady Bertha, and my two little brothers pages—Queen Elfrida, a most beautiful title, we should have had our envoys, our plenipotentiaries, our state days, while all the people would be shouting, long live the glorious Queen Elfrida.

The Baronesse flung herself in a musing posture on a sofa—her mind never before was under the influence of such agitations—brought up in the immediate presence of her parents, her vanity had hitherto been controlled, but now all passions of particularly ascribed to her sex were roused even at the dangerous period, when latitude had weakened the stronger faculties, and the first ardour of love was deadened by the continual presence of Ethelwald.

She was informed she might have been united to a sovereign, brave, generous, beautiful; with him have shared the glory of conquest, the homage of nations, and the admiration of mankind.

[To be continued.]



A FRAGMENT.

*** * * * * HE was fantastically dreſt.—I wish, said I to my uncle, as he palled by us, that those ladies who ſtudy to look fine, would conſider what will be the advantage of their labour and expence. They ſeem to believe, that the more tawdry their appearance, the more acceptable they will be to the gentlemen. It is true, they may gain by this the admiration of coxcombs; but the heart of a man of ſenſe was never caught by ribbons. Would you chuse her for a friend, who had ſo despicable an opinion of you, as to ſuppoſe you more pleafed with a new cap, than a refined understanding?

"Mira," ſaid my uncle, looking after her, with a ſigh, "has been changing her dress and complexion once a day, for fifteen years; ſometimes ſhe is too white, at other times too red: Always poſſeffed with the miſtaken notion, that beauty of perfon is all that is needed to make one altogether amiable; and that the next change will render her more beautiful than the laſt. But Mira, ſave her fondneſs for dress, and a wiſh to appear more handsome, was a girl of good ſenſe. I was her intimate friend at the age of twenty, and had a ſincere affection for her: I told her of her faults; ſhe thought I exaggerated, and was affronted: Few girls, Timothy, can bear you ſhould be ſo friendly. I enclosed the little poem of which you ſaw the copy yeſterday, in a letter to her, and bade her adieu."

ODE TO MIRA.

MIRA, can ROUGE of blushing hue,
Or all the washes France e'er knew
Add beauty to the roſe?
Or ſprinkled with the lov'd perfume,
Say, will it richer sweets assume,
Or more regale the noſe?

Then ceaſe, nor hope by art to place
New charms upon that lovely face;
Nature alone can please.—
"Tis affectation spoils the fair;
Mira, avoid the affected air,
And aſt I pray with eaſe.

But grant it true that by your ſkill,
You'll make that face more beauteous ſill;
Are you by this more bleſt?
Did beauty ever gain a friend;
Or with life's ill's one pleaſure blend,
Or ſoothe the grief-wlon breast?

A mind illum'd, a virtuous heart,
Well pleas'd to ſhare a wretch's ſinart,
To me endear the more,
Than beaties Venus' ſelf could boast,
Or old coquets complain they've lost—
From fifteen to fourſcore.

FRANCIS TADDEO'S 1803 BOSTON CATALOGUE
PEYAR LIBRARY

PRAYER OF A PENITENT RECLUSE.

FOUND IN AN ABEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

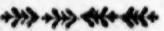
ANGELIC Choir, who joyful hymns above,
Inceſtant ſing—in ſtrains of pureſt love,
Aſſit;—but chiefly thou who doſt controul
The wayward dictaſe of the ſinful foul;
O thou, my only firſt and laſt deſire,
FATHER, to thee, tho' late, my hopes aſpire.
Ah me! preſumptuous to invoke thy name,
(But 'twas from thee, the bleſt effuſion came)
Teach me to ſee how blind is huſtan fight,
How weak is strength, how dark is boasted light!
Diſpel the gloom that diſms these mortal eyes,
And bid each lawleſs paſſion ceaſe to riſe.
Let me but feel, and every pain ſhall ceaſe,
The ſacred impulſe of celeſtial grace.
Supernal pow'rs, thy gracious gift impart
To quell this rebel, proud, riſiſing heart;
To force theſe chains, ſubdue the fœc within,
Nor more be fetter'd in the bonds of ſin,
Deſponding here no longer let me stray,
Thro' error's maze, or life's tempeſtuouſ ſea;
But with thee fix my wav'ring, anxious mind,
Far from my friends, relations, all mankind;
Redeem me from myſelf, ere all below,
Shall change to ſad, unchangin, endleſs woe.
Let ſighs, repenſant ſend their kind relief
In ſoothing ſteams, to mitigate my grief;
Let not corroding guilt my conſcience tear,
To be imminortal—let me hope and fear.
Henceforth, my ſoul, in deep contriſion moan,
Let grief, prayer, fasting, thy paſt life atone;
But ſtill remember how that grief is vain,
Which ſorrows only at the dread of pain;
How that alone is pure, contriſe, and even,
Which ſorrows only at offendin Heav'n.
These be my future works—in pious care,
My remnant life be ſpent, and conſtant pray'r,
Till hope ſhall dawn with comfortable ray,
To light my thoughts to an eternal day.



SONNET

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

THOU dread profound, all ſacred Midnight, hail!
Now Nature tir'd reclaims her drooping powers;
Now o'er the ſon of health and eaſe prevail
Sleep's balmy comforts; glide unfelt his hours.
Not ſo with him who's wrung by keen disease,
He counts the tedious moments as they fly,
And hopes in vain for ſoft repole and eaſe:
With trembling, haply, dreads, alas! TO DIES.
Say then, what iſ't can ſoothe the flutt'ring ſoul,---
Her fears allay, and her from doubt release?
What iſ't can fix her firmly as the pole,
When Death to Nature fond ſpeaks awfully, "Ceafe!"
Religion 'tis! with her the ſoul may ſoar
To heav'nly realms, where pain is found no more.



TO THE MOON.

BEND from thy throne, fair Empress of the Night,
And as thou look'ſt o'er earth with eye ſerene,
Marking thy shadowy painting on the green,
And bright'ning Heaven with silver-streaming light,
Oh! if in all thy course, divinely bright,
Thou ſeek'ſt one wretch in felon-malice moan,
Debase the varied beauty of the ſcene;
Or, one fell murderer burſt the bands of right,
Darts thro' his ſoul, ſeverely bright, a ray
Whose living ſplendor ſhall his hand arreſt,
And to his guilty conſciouſ ſpirit ſay,
Tho' thou mayſt live unknown to laws bekeſt,
And hide thy deeds from mortal and the day,
Yet conſcience worm ſhall gnaw thy guilty breasts.



EPITAPH ON A MODERN XANTIPPE.

HERE PAID my wife her o'er due penſion,
Who never PROMIS'D but contention;
But now, alas, her STATE is low,
And long before ſhe kept MINE SO.

THE DEVIL CHEATED BY A SHEPHERD.

THE following ſtory relates the encounter of a Protestant Shepherd with a counterfeit Devil, that attempted to perſuade him to renounce his faith, for popery; and is a tranſlation from the Dutch, printed Auguſt 7 (N. S.) 1676.

The account is dated from Ummendorf, July 29, (N. S.) 1676, and is thus:—In the bishoſpic in Hilberstadt, near Ilſenburg, there lives a poor Shepherd, bred up in the Protestant religion, but of that kind, which, from Martin Luther, are called Lutherans, differing in many points from the Romiſh church, and holding conſubſtantiation, &c. Not far from the plains where he kept his ſheep, was ſituated a monastery, or conveſt of monks, who had frequently laboured with all the arguments they could uſe, to withdraw this shepherd from his profession, and bring him over to the Romiſh religion. How our Shepherd was furnished with logic, I cannot ſay, but it appears he wanted not a ſettled resolution, which remained proof againſt all their attempts; wherefore, finding neither perſuasion nor flatteries would prevail, they proceeded to threatenings, telling him that if he perſifted in heresy after ſo many ghostly admonitions, he ſhould immediately be plagued with the Devil, who would carry him away quickly into hell. But he not regarding ſuch ridiculous nonsense, perſifted ſtill in his religion.—Wherefore two monks dressed up themſelves in wonderful shapes; the one very gay and beautiful, with a brave pair of wings, and other accoutrements, fit to preſent him as a good angel; the other in a frightful habit, perforating the devil. And being thus prepared, they came one night to the Shepherd, as he was ſleeping in the fields, in his carr, a small hut going upon wheels, commonly uſed by men of his profession.

The counterfeit angel first approached him, and with fair words and inſinuation, tempted him to embrace the Romiſh religion. But the good Shepherd (possibly remerking that text, "If an angel from Heaven ſhould teach you any other doctrine than what you have received, let him be accuſed) would in no wife hearken to him ſo as to return to popery.—Whereupon, the ſeeming angel told him, if he would not obey his message he muſt forthwith deliver him over to the devil; and finding his threats made no impression, he ſetreated; and then preſently came up his confederate, repreſenting the devil's own proper perſon, with a dreadful noise and muttering, and to the great dismayng of the trembling Shepherd. But just as the mock devil made an offer to ſeize on him, the Shepherd's dog, not being afraid, when he ſaw his master in danger, fell on the pretended fiend; when the Shepherd perceived that the devil was not able to keep off the dog, his courage returned, and, leaping out of his carr with his hook in his hand, knocked down the ſappoſed devil dead upon the ſpot; whom at daylight he diſcovered to be a neigbouring monk, he buried him in the devil's dress, to prevent further trouble. But the confederate angel having fled at the sight of his compaſſions fall, returned next day with more monks, to demand their brother. The Shepherd at firſt denied the fact; but being carried before a magistrate, he ſcrupled not to declare, "That as for the monk, he could give no account of him; but that he had killed the devil, who attacked him laſt night in his carr, and buried him, as related above."—The magistrate immediately ordered the ground to be opened; but the monk being found in his hellish dress, the monks thought it moſt prudent to drop the paſecution of the murderer.



A N E C D O T E.

A Dutch justice of the peace in New-York, (when an English province) having issued a ſummons, returnable on the Sabbath-day, the conſtable into whose hands it was put to be ſerved, being a fellow of ſome humour, returns the ſummons agreeable to date; the justice expecting it to be of ſome other nature, peruſed it, and finding what it was, ſaid in a great paſſion, VAT DE DEVAL YOU BRINGS DIS DO DAY VOR? Why, replied the conſtable, fee wheather it is not returnable this day, and ſhould I neglect my duty, you would, no doubt, report to the grand jury, and in all probability have me feverely fined; upon which the justice with a loud voice proclaimed, I ANJOUNS DIS COURTS TILL NEXT WEDNESDAY, and calls to his ſon, ſaying, HAUNS, LOOK OFF DE AMANAC, AND SEE AS DAT VIL BE ON DE SUNBATHS DAY?

MAXIM.

GOOD-NATURE that boaster of its great ſenſibility, is ſtiſhed by the ſmalleſt interest.

SATURDAY, October 22, 1796.

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

On Tuesday last, Captain Smith, in the ship *Sanform*, arrived from London. On the 25th Sept. Capt. Smith spoke the British frigate *Phebe*, one of Sir Edward Pellew's squadron, the Capt. of which informed that he had before captured a Spanish vessel and sent her to Falmouth. This however, must have been done on conjecture of war; for it was not till the 16th of Sept. that the Embargo was laid on Spanish vessels in England.

The Council of Ancients on the 16th Fructidor, Sept. 2, approved a resolution of the 14th, granting six millions in cash to the Minister of Marine to defray the expence of his department.

In a Journal, entitled "Le Spectateur," published at Aix La Chapelle, under the eye of the Constitutioned French Authorities, it is stated, that according to a very moderate estimate of the sums of money, provisions, clothing, &c. furnished to the French army by the Provinces, situated between the Meuse and the Rhine, their value amounts to 257,515,000 livres, in specie.

We learn, that an Express arrived in this city, left Thursday, who left Halifax 15 days ago. It has leaked out, that the purport of his information is simply, that Admiral Murray was there with 15 sail; and that, although that port was in an almost defenceless state, that they would make such a resistance against the expected French, as never was heard of "In the globe terrestre."

There was a rumour in town on the same evening, that the French squadron had absolutely TAKEN HALLIFAX---we shall doubtless hear further on this important subject.

Argus.

A Jamaica paper of Sept. 17, states that there has been an attack on St. Marc's in which the Brigands were repulsed with the loss of 210 men---the loss on the part of the English inconsiderable.

It states further that Santhonax, Lavaux, and other leading charters have been massacred at Cape Francois.

Arrived at Philadelphia on Monday last, another prize the brig *Active*, from Jamaica to England, and on Tuesday the ship *John Hodson*, also from Jamaica.

The following British officers, and others are on board the *Active*.

Colonel Hay, Captain M'Claverly,
Captain Barclay, Lieutenant Sanford,
Mrs. Isaacs, Mrs. Jones,
Miss Hall, Mr. Thomas Given,
Mr. J. Osmond, and Mr. A. de Ban.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE, Sept. 6.

DRESDEN, August 27,

Intelligence has been received here of considerable advantages having been obtained by the united armies of the Archduke Charles and General Wartenfleben over that of General Jourdan.

These accounts state, that after General Wartenfleben left Amberg he retreated to the left side of the Nab, having his main corps opposite to Schwarzenfeldt with two different corps, besides towards Narboorg and Shwarzdoff, where he remained while General Jourdan's army advanced near him, on the opposite side of the river, in three divisions, of which he himself commanded the center. This was about the 20th or 21st of August.

That the Archduke, after abandoning Donawert, had retired behind the Lech, and taken a strong position near its confluence with the Danube; but understanding that, independent of General Jourdan's grand army in face of General Wartenfleben, another division of the French under General Championet, was advancing towards Ratisbon, his Royal Highness, after leaving a strong corps behind the Lech to observe General Moreau, marched along the Danube with the remainder, about 40,000 men, and passed that river at Ingolstadt about the 17 or 18th. That from thence he advanced by Dietfurt to Teining, where he met the advanced posts of General Championet's division, beat them back, and followed them towards Castel, on the way to Amberg. That by this time General Jourdan took alarm, and recalled his troops towards Amberg, and in proportion as he retreated General Wartenfleben advanced.

That between Amberg and Sulzbach General Jourdan drew up his army, and a battle ensued, in which the Austrian's were victorious. That the loss of the French on this occasion was supposed to be 5000 killed, and 2000 made prisoners, with about 30 pieces of cannon. That the whole of the Austrian army was not engaged, but a considerable corps was detached at the same time to Hutspruch, Laun, and Nuremberg, of which city the Austrians took possession.

LONDON, Sept. 15.

We mentioned in yesterday's Courier that another battle had been fought between General Jourdan and the Archduke, in which the former had been again defeated. The Paris papers to the 13th inst. which we received last night, confirm this intelligence and bring the official details.

After the first defeat on the 22d ult. General Jourdan retired to Forcheim---on the 29th to Amberg---and on the 30th to Shewinfurt. The Archduke, in the mean time continued to advance, and on the 2d inst. crossed the Main and entered Wurtzburg. In this position General Jourdan resolved to attack him.

A similar resolution had been formed by the Archduke. The battle began at eight in the morning of the third, and was fought for some time with various success. The Austrians appear to have had superior cavalry to the French; and, according to General Jourdan's letter, poured in fresh troops every moment. The French were defeated, and forced to retreat to Hamelnburg.

The Austrian arms, tho' victorious in Franconia, have been unsuccessful in Bavaria, and General Moreau has gained another victory. After the passage of the Lech, and defeat of the Austrian General Latour, the army of the Rhine and Moselle advanced to Dakau, Pasinhoffen, and Bombat, and the Austrians retreated behind the Iser---having received reinforcements from the Archduke, they made on the last inst. an attack upon the left wing of General Moreau's army---The battle continued during the whole day; at length the Austrians were defeated at all points, and forced to retreat, with the loss of 1800 men in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

Yesterday morning a letter was received by Mr. King, one of his majesty's under secretaries of state, from the Mayor of Dover, stating that an American vessel was arrived there from Boulogne, the Capt. which reports that he had seen a Paris paper of the 13th inst. which contains the news of General Jourdan's having been entirely defeated in a second engagement with Archduke Charles, with the loss of 15,000 men.

We shall make no other comment on this news, which certainly requires much confirmation, than that it seems to be the opinion of well-informed men, that the Archduke would certainly follow up his first advantages, without giving time to Jourdan to rally his forces.

T H E A T R E.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED,

A COMEDY, called, The

COUNTRY GIRL.

Moody,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Belville,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Harcourt,	Mr Tyler,
Countryman,	Mr Roberts,
And, Sparkish,	Mr Martin,
Alithea,	Mr Tyer,
Lucy,	Mrs Brett,
And, Peggy,	Mrs Hodgkinson,

(the Country Girl)

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, called, The

P U R S E:
Or, American Tar.

Will Steady,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Edmund,	Mr Tyler,
Baron,	Mr Johnson,
Theodore,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Thomas,	Mr Jefferson,
Servants,	Messrs. Leonard, and M'Knight,
The Page,	Mrs Harding,
And, Sally,	Mrs Hodgkinson.

BOX 8s. PIT 6s. GALLERY 4s.

* * * The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the curtain drawn up a Quarter after Six o'clock.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Thursday the 13th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Captain JOHN SAUNDERS, of Exeter, (Eng.) to Miss CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. A. M'GREGOR, Merchant, to Miss JANET WILSON, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. GIDEON HALLETT, to Miss POLLY PUGSLEY, both of New-Town, (L. I.)

On Monday evening last, Mr JOHN MUNRO, Merchant, of this city, to Miss OLIVIA ROE, daughter of the Rev. Azel Roe, of Woodbridge, New-Jersey.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. EDWARD MEEKS, to Miss SUSANAH COOPER, both of this city.

JOHN HARRISON

No. 3, Peck-Slip,
HAS RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO HIS FORMER ASSORTMENT, THE FOLLOWING

New and Entertaining Novels.

MYSTERIES of Udolpho, Ghost-Secr., Arabian Tales, Victim of Passion, Arabian Nights, Eloisa, with the Sequel of Julia, Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas, Edwy, son of Ethelred the Second, an historic tale, Rock of Modrec, or the Legend of Sir Elthram, Count Roderick's Castle, Haunted Priory, Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowson) Romance of the Forest, Baronefs d'Alantun, Emely Montague, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mystic Cottages of Chamouny, Evelina, or the History of a young lady's entrance into the world.

Perfidious Guardian, or Vicissitudes of Fortune, Simple Story, House of Tyrian, Joseph, Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia, Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Gabrielle de Vergey, Recluse of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales, Rencounter, or Transition of a Moment, Philanthropic Rambler, Moral Tales, Baron Trenc, Danish Massacre, Tristram Shandy, Fool of Quality, Julia Benson, Almoran and Hamet, Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Joseph Andrews, Vicar of Wakefield, Pamela, Man of the World, Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World, Telemachus, Visit of a Week, Rural Walks, Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer, Roderick Random, Entertaining Novelist, Devil on two Sticks, (French and English) Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan, Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages, Gustavus Vassa, Tales of Past Times, (French and English) Pleasing Instructor, Select Stories, Childrens Friend, Robinson Crusoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto, Democrat, Bloody Buey.

MISCELLANEOUS AND INSTINCTIVE.

Lady's Library, Centaur not Faulous, Hive, Fabulous History, Rambler, Aesop's Fables, Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, Flowers of History, Lessons of a Governess, Father's Instructions, Spectator, Mrs Rowe's Letters, Mrs Bleecker's Posthumous Works, Homer's Iliad, Spirit of Despotism, Zimmermann on Solitude, Cain's Lamentations over Abel, Volney's Ruins, Columbian Muse, Goldsmith's Works, Messiah, Rights of Woman, Miscellaneous Works, Elegant Miscellanies, Chronicles of the Kings of England, Lavater on Physiognomy, (with elegant engravings.)

DIVINITY.

Folio and Quarto Bibles, with Plates, Burkett on the New Testament, Signs of the Times, Watson's Apology for the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Bennet's Letters to a Young Lady, Ainsworth's Testifies, Religious Courtship, Fletcher's Spiritual Letters, Fletcher's Life, Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized, Hervey's Meditations, Mrs. Chapone's Letters, Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, Edwards' Enquiry, Devout Christian, Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, &c. &c.

ALSO,

QUARTO WOVE POST, and FOOLSCAP (best Qual. ENGLISH PAPER.

Court of Apollo.

THE SONG OF JONATHAN FARMER, TO HIS FAVOURITE FAIR.

This Song is not offered to the Public with an intent of bringing honour upon our Jonathan, although he's a good Lad; yet as he is like the rest of his sex, it may answer as an antidote for extreme fondness for husband to some of our young Girls, who are shortly to make more links to the hymenial Chain, &c.

BETTY BOUNCER.

LOVELY Girl that's fair and kind,
Sweetest lip and purest mind;
Hair that hangs in ringlets low,
Who could help but loving you.
Teeth so white as chalk I'm sure,
Breath; no air one half so pure,
Eyes so black as any shoe,
Who could help but loving you.
Arms and waist, seem whisper come!
Soon I fly and am at home*;
Lovely hands as white as snow,
Who can help but loving you.
Once I thought the art unknown,
How to touch this Earthly Boon:
Now you rave at kisses few,
Who the Deal can e'er love you?---

* He was married after a few of the like proceeding, intended panegyrics.

+ This verse was not written until about six months after the happy event, referred to in the former note.

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues his Seminary at No. 10, Peck-Slip; and that he has now opened

An Evening School,

at the same place; where his pupils will be instructed in all the branches usually taught in the English language, on the most approved plans.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, Sept. 23, 1796.

Harfin and Caverly,

HAVE removed to their new Store, No. 27, Albany Pier, west side of Coenties-Slip, where they have for sale, a general assortment of

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

About 2000 yards tow cloth, and a quantity of check Flannel. Also,

One Lot of ground, at the shipyards, near Col. Rutgers, and three lots on the Greenwich road, adjoining lots of Wm. W. Gilbert, Esq. And,

A handsome bay Horse, four years old, he is very pleasant under the saddle, and has been broken to the geese, is sound and free of faults.

They will likewise receive in store, and sell upon commission, most kinds of country produce.

To Let, the Store and a spacious cellar, No. 85, Pearl-street.

Wanted, Two or Three Men that are acquainted with packing crockery, apply as above.

October 1, 1796.

31---tf.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of FOSBROOK and SMITH being dissolved by mutual consent, the public are respectfully informed that the subscriber has taken the Store; where, on the most reasonable terms, may be had, as usual, a general assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery,

Mechanic's Tools, Japanned Ware, Swords, do. Blades, Fencing Foils, Single and double barrel Fowling Pieces, Muskets, Hossler and Pocket Pistols, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS R. SMITH.

For Sale, at a very reduced price,

400 Light Horse & Hanger Blades.

Aug. 13, 1796.

24---tf.

A Convenient new Two Story House

To be Sold, or Leased for seven years.

For particulars enquire of DANIEL BALDWIN, on the Premises, No. 219, William-street.

October 15.

33 t f

WILLIAM PALMER,

Painter, Gilder, Varnisher & Japanner,

No. 2, Broad-street,

HAS for sale, a quantity of elegant Japan, Fancy Chairs, which he will sell upon the lowest possible terms.

W. Palmer Varnishes Drawings, Paper Cornices, &c. &c. so as to heighten and preserve the spirit and brightness of the colours from all kind of dirt, and gives the piece an elegant beauty and durability.

Cornices, walls, &c. which are thus varnished, may be washed with equal effect to any Japan ware.

Oil and Burnished Gilding on Glass, neatly executed.

N. B. Orders from town or country in any of the above branches, will be gratefully received and punctually executed.

32---tf.

THOMAS PEDLEY,

PERUKE-MAKER, HAIR DRESSER, & PERFUMER.

MOST respectfully returns his thanks to his customers and the public, and informs them, that he carries on his business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Rose, No. 219, Water-street, near Crane-Wharf. Where he makes all kinds of Whigs, Scalsps, and false Ques for Gentlemen; tates, braids and curls for Ladies, in the neatest manner, and on the shortest notice. Likewise a general assortment of Perfumery just from Europe.

24 t f

Attention!!! Young Ladies.

At No. 60, CATHARINE-STREET,

ARE taught the following branches of Education to Youth of both Sexes, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Latin and Greek, Geography, Composition, Speaking, Navigation, Gauging, Surveying, Mensuration, Book-Keeping, and Tambouring to Young Ladies, on the most reasonable terms; also, an Evening School is now open for Young Men and Apprentices. Poor Girls are taught gratis on Sabbath Days.

16---tf.

20 Lots of Land,

In the Township of Union, on the Susquehanna River, for Sale---Enquire at this office.

24 t f

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL

SCHOOL,

No. 29, Gold-street.

MANY respectable characters in New-York, approving Mr. Milns' resolution of enlarging his plan, have solicited him to extend it still further, and establish a general School for the accommodation of those who were excluded by the limited numbers, and necessary high terms of a select private class.

He feels himself happy in meeting the wishes of those gentlemen, as they accord with an idea that has long been rooted in his mind; and flatter the ambition which he is proud to cherish; that of laying the foundation of an establishment in the city of New-York, such as may not only merit public confidence and support, but vie with the best Seminaries in Great Britain, and concentrate all their separate advantages.

The Greek and Roman Classics contain some of the finest specimens of taste, and the noblest efforts of genius--they are likewise the source to which all the terms of art and science may be traced; their cultivation is therefore of consequence in every liberal establishment; but in a community resting on the basis of Commerce, and that owes not only its greatness and splendor, but even its existence to Commercial intercourse; other branches of education are still more essentially requisite.

A critical knowledge of the peculiarities of our NATIVE language, a just perception of its copiousness, a cultivated taste for the elegancies of composition, and a grateful and energetic elocution, are equally the ornament of the Scholar, the private Gentleman, and the Merchant; and a complete knowledge of Accounts, an accurate idea of the relative situations, customs, and languages of different countries, and above all, an elegant and ready command of the pen are absolutely necessary to every one who aspires eminently to succeed in a Commercial and growing country; these branches should consequently be insisted upon with unremitting assiduity in every Seminary professing a general and useful course of education.

The single exertions of an individual being incompetent to so extensive an undertaking, Mr. Milns has availed himself of Mr. Shepherd's return to the city, and has formed a partnership with him and Mr. Hardie--two gentlemen whose abilities in the several departments they profess, have been long known to the public.

The School will open on Monday next under the joint care of the subscribers, where will be taught systematically, the English, French, Latin and Greek Classics, Elocution, Composition, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Merchants Accounts, Geography, with the use of Globes and Maps, Navigation and every branch of practical and speculative Mathematics: and as it is the intention to prepare the pupil to quit School with such general advantages as may enable him to enter with success, college, the liberal professions, the counting house or the navy, they flatter themselves it is no presumption to denominate this Seminary by way of distinction,

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

Young Ladies taught the English and French Languages, Writing, accounts, &c. &c. &c. in an apartment quite unconnected with the general School.

The School-room, which is very large and commodious is divided by a partition for the accommodation of such grown gentlemen as wish to sit separate.

The Evening School continues as usual.

WILLIAM MILNS,
EDWARD SHEPHERD,
JAMES HARDIE.

Mr. Milns' Text and Running-hand Copies may be had as above; also, Mr. Hardie's Latin Grammar, and his American Remembrancer.

Preparing for the press, and will be published as speedily as possible, the 2d Edition of the Well Bred Scholar, or Practical Essays for the Improvement of Youth in their Literary Pursuits--Likewise a new System of Arithmetic--both by Wm. Milns, Member of St. Mary's Hall in the University of Oxford, and author of the Penman's Repository, &c. &c.

Oct. 15. 33---tf.

MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINERY, AND CLEAR-STARCHING--Likewise, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Linen Made in the Neatest Manner, at No. 39, Ferry-Street.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

N. B. A generous price given for empty bottles.

October 8.

24 t f

The Weekly Museum

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 29, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

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THE HEIRESS OF DEVON.

[Continued from our last.]

HOUSE of Devon, she exclaimed, how little art thou indebted to Ethelwald—but for him thou might have been elevated to regal power, perhaps immortal fame; but his shackles have bound my hands, and the daughter of Ordun shall support them with calmness; yet never shall her high-born soul assist his mean design; she will at least prove to the royal Edgar she was not so unworthy as depicted of sharing his honours.

Ethelwald was compelled to sit forward to receive his sovereign. Edgar panted for revenge, but dissimulation was now necessary for the blackness of his intentions. He met the Baron with a smiling aspect, chid him with gentleness for his long seclusion from the court, but vowed for the future to break in upon his domestic system of tranquillity.

The faint heart of Ethelwald was cheered by this reception, but it again smote its tenement when leading to the Baroness's apartment. To sequester her he knew would have been impossible; even a pretext of illness must have excited suspicion.

The folding doors were flung open by two fair boys. Elfrida rested on a sofa, the youngest of her attendants ranged around; but what horrors blasted the eyes of Ethelwald on beholding her surpassing loveliness. Her habit conveyed an idea of splendour without heaviness; a robe of pale blue carelessly spotted with silver fell far beneath her feet; the delicacy of her waist was displayed by a confining girdle of pearls: her bosom polished and white beyond compare was faintly shaded by the decorating lace; her shining tresses unbound to shew the luxuriance of their growth, had now no other covering than a light veil, which falling back in seemingly artless folds discovered a face the model of human beauty.

She arose with a kind of dignified disorder; she stepped forward, her knee touched the ground to pay her first oblique to her King; the restless glow of modesty mantled quick upon her cheek; her lips scarce emitted a sound; nor was one articulate save the tremulous word of welcome.

Edgar gazed upon her with astonishment, he was transfixed like a statue, and his eyes alone evinced his animation.

All is lost, cried Ethelwald to himself—his crimsoned cheek changing to the hue of death.

The King recollects himself; he could have fallen prostrate to implore Elfrida's forgiveness, for permitting her continuance in such a posture; he raised her, reseated her on the sofa, himself beside her. Lady, said he, we and our court can scarcely pardon the Baron for concealing in invidious shades such perfections. If anxious for a reconciliation, he must no longer monopolize from the world so valuable a treasure—he glanced at Ethelwald—the hand of dismay was busy with his features, and marked too legibly the emotion of his soul.

Thou art my victim, said the king to himself, thou shall no longer triumph in treachery, the soft hand I have touched shall yet be mine.

It was his wish, however, to dissipate the fears he excited; he only therefore treated Elfrida with the politeness due to her station. To the Baron, he behaved with additional complacency; repeatedly assured him he would no longer allow him to be retired from court.

The Baroness called forth every charm. After a few trifling excuses her voice accompanied the lute—'twas thrilling melody—nor did her manner less delight; and Edgar felt in being robbed of the heiress of Devon he lost the most perfect of her sex.

Ethelwald at night attended him to his apartment—Baron, exclaimed the King, (when alone with him) you have not acted quite well to me, yet imagine not, he continued, (perceiving his agitation) my nature so severely harsh as to refuse pardon to a crime of love; it is what a man oft will in his own breast find a palliation for; but if you desire I should be reconciled to you, you must conduct the Baroness to court; her charms should not be concealed from the world, nor can I longer bear thy entanglement from me.

My most gracious sire, my too kind, too indulgent master, said Ethelwald, sinking at his feet, I have not merited this clemency; 'tis an aggravation of my crime—but if the strictest vows, the sincerest resolutions of unshaken fidelity can extenuate my conduct, Ethelwald for ever shall not be recorded in the black volumes of perfidy and guilt.

The King appeared affected, he raised him, he pressed his hand, he reiterated his professions of kindness. The night waned away; the chase was to commence early the ensuing morning, and they separated.

Elfrida, who dreaded the remonstrances of the Baron for acting so contradictory to his wishes, pretended to be asleep when he entered her apartment, and when he rose by the first dawn of light her eyes were closed by its balsamic influence.

Ethelwald's happiness now seemed supreme; he had flung off that weight of apprehensions so long oppressive; the bright effusion of returning peace tintured his brown cheek; the fire of his eyes was re-lightned; the chords of his soul resumed their elasticity, with flattering prognostics of vibrating no more but to the sound of gladness—he resembled a wretched mariner, who, tossed by the whirl of winds and waters, attains at length the haven of security.

A numerous retinue attended the King and Ethelwald, and in the mazy winding of the forest of Harwood they pursued the timorous stag.

The King at length declared his fatigue; and expressing a private wish to the Baron of seeking a place for repose, they soon dropt the party and penetrated into the tangled and obscure paths. Dismounting from their steeds they proceeded into the centre of the forest, where the interwoven branches of old oaks hid the pure light of day.

Here the King stopped, and withdrawing his arm from Ethelwald's, Baron, said he, this is a moment for private conference I have sign'd for.

My sire does honour to his vassal, he replied.

Yes, resumed he, I have longed, I have almost died to tell you, you are a base, perfidious traitor; didst thou suppose I would suffer thee to enjoy the fruits of thy deception? I thought you had known the high and vindictive soul of Edgar better. Ignoble Ethelwald I triumph over thee; that wife on whom thy eyes for the last time have feasted shall be mine ere thy clay-cold coverlet is green—thus, exclaimed he, drawing a dagger he had concealed beneath his habit, may this hand destroy all who shall dare to diminish the happiness of Edgar.

Ethelwald staggered at the blow which pierced his breast; tis just, he groaned—but oh, my wife! my Elfrida, he would have added, but a convulsive writhing closed his lips, and senseless he dropped back.

The ensanguined steel fell from Edgar—his hand seemed nerveless—he would have fled, but the entangling brambles fastening in his garments, impeded his progress—he flopped panting—his eyes involuntary fastened on the pale visage of the youthful Baron.

'Tis a bold deed I have achieved, he cried, 'twas deserved;—yet, how horrible is death—so unprepared too; how gaily tinged was his cheek by that blood my dagger drank.

He extricated himself with precipitation from the baneful shades, leaving the bosom of the once gallant Ethelwald to be covered by the falling verdure of the forest.

The King was breathless as he gained his attendants; they surrounded him with astonishment, and supported him from the steed he could no longer fit. In faltering accents he answered their enquiries; they were suddenly assaulted by vagrants, he escaped with difficulty; Ethelwald—he was unable to proceed, the horrid rest was guessed.

The piercing cries and lamentations of the domestics now smote his ears. Oh where, they cried, distractedly flying about, where are the monsters that spilled the blood of gallant Ethelwald?

The King desired to be borne to the castle; there Elfrida was devising new schemes to give a permanency to that admiration she perceived kindled in his eyes.

A murmuring noise now resounded through the castle, by degrees it approached nearer to her apartment; the most aged of the domestics rushed wildly in. He is gone, they exclaimed; he is lost forever. Oh, Lady, the hand of violence and barbarity has despoiled thee of thy Lord.

Ghastliness and horror overspread the features of the Baroness; a kind of conscious guilt pervaded her soul; she screamed faintly, and fell without sense upon the bosom of Bertha.

She was soon restored to reason, and the bitterness of sorrow, yet not that excruciating bitterness of sorrow which would have been her portion had her love for the Baron continued with its first ardour; she wept his fate, but her tears flowed not from the springs of agony.

Edgar remained at the castle; propriety might have forbidden his stay, but he hearkened not to its pleadings; there was a guilty transport felt under the roof with Elfrida.

this brow, nor would this hand looked very ill in wielding a sceptre.

Yes, madam, I really think the Baron has played a-truant game; Oh, surely, Queen would have been much better than a simple Barone's; besides, I should have been your majesty's maid of honour, the Lady Bertha, and my two little brothers pages—Queen Elfrida, a most beautiful title, we should have had our envoys, our plenipotentiaries, our state days, while all the people would be shouting, long live the glorious Queen Elfrida.

The Barone's flung herself in a moaning poster on a sofa—her mind never before was under the influence of such agitations—brought up in the immediate presence of her parents, her vanity had hitherto been controlled, but now all passions of particularly ascribed to her sex were roused even at the dangerous period, when lastitude had weakened the stronger faculties, and the first ardour of love was deadened by the continual presence of Ethelwald.

She was informed she might have been united to a sovereign, brave, generous, beautiful; with him have shared the glory of conquest, the homage of nations, and the admiration of mankind.

[To be continued.]



A FRAGMENT.

***** SHE was fantastically dressed.—I wish, said I to my uncle, as he passed by us, that those ladies who study to look fine, would consider what will be the advantage of their labour and expence. They seem to believe, that the more tawdry their appearance, the more acceptable they will be to the gentlemen. It is true, they may gain by this the admiration of coxcombs; but the heart of a man of sense was never caught by ribbons. Would you chuse her for a friend, who had so despicable an opinion of you, as to suppose you more pleased with a new cap, than a refined understanding?

"Mira," said my uncle, looking after her, with a sigh, "has been changing her dress and complexion once a day, for fifteen years; sometimes she is too white, at other times too red: Always possessed with the mistaken notion, that beauty of person is all that is needed to make one altogether amiable; and that the next change will render her more beautiful than the last. But Mira, save her fondness for dress, and a wish to appear more handsome, was a girl of good sense. I was her intimate friend at the age of twenty, and had a sincere affection for her: I told her of her faults; she thought I exaggerated, and was affronted: Few girls, Timothy, can bear you should be so friendly. I enclosed the little poem of which you saw the copy yesterday, in a letter to her, and bade her adieu."

ODE TO MIRA.

MIRA, can KNOUG of blushing hue,
Or all the wafles Prince e'er knew
Add beauty to the rose?
Or sprinkled with the lov'd perfume,
Say, will it richer sweets assu'e,
Or more regale the nose?

Then cease, nor hope by art to place
New charms upon that lovely face;
Nature alone can please.—
'Tis affection spoils the fair;
Mira, send the affected air,
And let I pray with ease.

But grant it true that by your skill,
You'll make that face more beauteous still;
Are you by this more blest?
Did beauty ever gain a friend;
Or with life's ills one pleasure blend,
Or soothe the grief-swoln breast?

A mind illum'd, a virtuous heart,
Well pleas'd to share a wretch's smart;
To me endear the more,
Than beatus Venus' self could boast,
Or old coquets complain they've lost
From fifteen to fourscore.

PRAYER OF A PENITENT RECLUSE.

FOUND IN AN ABBEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

ANGELIC Choir, who joyful hymns above,
Incessant sing—in strains of purest love,
Affit;—but chiefly thou who dost control
The wayward-dictates of the sinful soul;
O thou, my only first and last desire,
ELFRIDA, to thee, tho' late, my hopes aspire.
Ah me! presumptuous to invoke thy name,
(But 'twas from thee, the blest effusion came)
Teach me to see how blind is human sight,
How weak is strength, how dark is boasted light!
Dispel the gloom that dims these mortal eyes,
And bid each lawless passion cease to rise.
Let me but feel, and every pain shall cease,
The sacred impulse of celestial grace.
Supernal pow'r, thy gracious gift impart
To quell this rebel, proud, resiling heart;
To force their chains, subdue the fee within,
Nor more be fetter'd in the bonds of sin,
Desponding here no longer let me stray,
Thro' error's maze, or life's tempestuous sea;
But with thee fix my wav'ring, anxious mind,
From my friends, relations, all mankind;
Redeem me from myself, ere all below,
Shall change to sad, unchanging, endless woe.
Let sighs, repentant, send their kind relief
In soothing dreams, to mitigate my grief:
Let not corroding guilt my conscience tear,
To be immortal—let me hope and fear.
Henceforth, my soul, in deep contrition moan,
Let grief, prayer, fasting, thy past life atone:
But still remember how that grief is vain,
Which sorrows only at the dread of pain;
How that alone is pure, contrite, and even,
Which sorrows only at offended Heav'n.
These be my future works—in pious care,
My remnant life be spent, and constant pray'r,
Till hope shall dawn with comfortable ray,
To light my thoughts to an eternal day.



SONNET

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

THOU dread profound, all sacred Midnight, hail!
Now Nature tir'd recruits her drooping powers,
Now o'er the son of health and ease prevail
Sleep's balmy comforts; glide unselt his hours.
Not so with him who's wrung by keen disease,
He counts the tedious moments as they fly,
And hopes in vain for soft repose and ease;
With trembling, haply, dreads, alas! TO DIE.
Say then, what is't can soothe the flatt'ring foul,—
Her fears allay, and her from doubt release?
What is't can fix her firmly as the pole,
When Death to Nature fond speaks awful, "Cease!"
Religion 'tis! with her the soul may soar
To heav'nly realms, where pain is found no more.



TO THE MOON.

BEND from thy throne, fair Empress of the Night,
And as thou look'st o'er earth with eye serene,
Marking thy shadowy painting on the green,
And bright'ning Heaven with silver-streaming light,
Oh! if in all thy course, divinely bright,
Thou feest one wretch in felon-malice mean,
Debase the varied beauty of the scene;
Or, one fell murderer burst the bands of right,
Darts thro' his soul, severely bright, a ray
Whole living splendor shall his hand arrest,
And to his guilty conscious faint fay,
Tho' thou mayst live unknown to laws behest,
And hide thy deeds from mortal and the day,
Yet conscience worm shall gnaw thy guilty breast.



EPITAPH ON A MODERN XANTIPPE.

HERE PAID my wife her o'er due pension,
Who never PROMIS'D but contention;
But now, alas, her STATE is low,
And long before she kept MINE so.

O.B.

THE DEVIL CHEATED BY A SHEPHERD.

THE following story relates the encounter of a Protestant Shepherd with a counterfeit Devil, that attempted to persuade him to renounce his faith, for popery; and is a translation from the Dutch, printed August 7 (N. S.) 1676.

The account is dated from Ummendorf, July 29, (N. S.) 1676, and is thus:—In the bishopric in Halberstadt, near Ilseburg, there lives a poor Shepherd, bred up in the Protestant religion, but of that kind, which, from Martin Luther, are called Lutherans, differing in many points from the Romish church, and holding confubstantiation, &c. Not far from the plains where he kept his sheep, was situated a monastery, or convent of monks, who had frequently laboured with all the arguments they could use, to withdraw this shepherd from his profession, and bring him over to the Romish religion. How our shepherd was furnished with logic, I cannot say, but it appears he wanted not a settled resolution, which remained proof against all their attempts; therefore, finding neither persuasion nor flattery would prevail, they proceeded to threatening, telling him that if he persisted in heresy after so many ghostly admonitions, he should immediately be plagued with the Devil, who would carry him away quickly into hell. But he not regarding such ridiculous nonsense, persisted still in his religion.—Wherefore two monks dressed up themselves in wonderful shapes; the one very gay and beautiful, with a brave pair of wings, and other accoutrements, fit to present him as a good angel; the other in a frightful habit, perforating the devil. And being thus prepared, they came one night to the shepherd, as he was sleeping in the fields, in his cart, a small hut going upon wheels, commonly used by men of his profession.

The counterfeit angel first approached him, and with fair words and insinuation, tempted him to embrace the Romish religion. But the good shepherd (possibly remembering that text, "If an angel from Heaven should teach you any other doctrine than what you have received, let him be accursed") would in no wise hearken to him so as to return to popery.—Whereupon, the seeming angel told him, if he would not obey his bidding, he must forthwith deliver him over to the devil; and finding his threats made no impression, he retreated; and then presently came up his confederate, representing the devil's own proper person, with a dreadful noise and muttering, and to the great dismaying of the trembling shepherd. But just as the mock devil made an offer to seize on him, the shepherd's dog, not being afraid, when he saw his master in danger, fell on the pretended fiend; when the shepherd perceived that the devil was not able to keep off the dog, his courage returned, and, leaping out of his cart with his hook in his hand, knocked down the supposed devil dead upon the spot; whom at daylight he discovered to be a neighbouring monk, he buried him in the devil's dress, to prevent further trouble. But the confederate angel having fled at the sight of his companion's fall, returned next day with more monks, to demand their brother. The shepherd at first denied the fact; but being carried before a magistrate, he scrupled not to declare, "That as for the monk, he could give no account of him; but that he had killed the devil, who attacked him last night in his cart, and buried him, as related above."—The magistrate immediately ordered the ground to be opened; but the monk being found in his hellish dress, the monks thought it most prudent to drop the prosecution of the murderer.



A N E C D O T E.

A Dutch justice of the peace in New-York, (when an English province) having issued a summons, returnable on the Sabbath-day, the constable into whose hands it was put to be served, being a fellow of some humour, returned the summons agreeable to date; the justice expecting it to be of some other nature, perused it, and finding what it was, said in a great passion, VAT DE DEVAL YOU BRINES DIJ DO-BAY VOR? Why, replied the constable, see whether it is not returnable this day, and should I neglect my duty, you would, no doubt, report to the grand jury, and in all probability have me severely fined; upon which the justice with a loud voice proclaimed, I ADJOURNE DIS COURTE TILL NEXT WEDNESDAY, and calls to his son, saying, HAUNS, LOOK OFF DE AMANAC, AND LES, AS DAT VIL BE ON DE SUNBATHS DAY?

MAXIM.

GOOD-NATURE that booster of its great sensibility, is stilled by the smallest interest.

SATURDAY, October 22, 1796.

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

On Tuesday last, Captain Smith, in the ship *Sansfore*, arrived from London. On the 25th Sept. Capt. Smith spoke the British frigate *Phebe*, one of Sir Edward Pellew's squadron, the Capt. of which informed that he had before captured a Spanish vessel and sent her to Falmouth. This however, must have been done on conjecture of war; for it was not till the 16th of Sept. that the Embargo was laid on Spanish vessels in England.

The Council of ancients on the 16th Fructidor, Sept. 2, approved a resolution of the 14th, granting six millions in cash to the Minister of Marine to defray the expence of his department.

In a Journal, entitled "Le Spectateur," published at *Aix La Chapelle*, under the eye of the Constitutioned French Authorities, it is stated, that according to a very moderate estimate of the sums of money, provisions, clothing, &c. furnished to the French army by the Provinces situated between the Meuse and the Rhine, their value amounts to \$57,515,000 livres, in specie.

We learn, that an Express arrived in this city, last Thursday, who left Halifax 15 days ago. It has leaked out, that the purport of his information is simply, that Admiral Murray was there with 15 sail; and that, although that port was in an almost defenceless state, that they would make such a resistance against the expected French, as never was heard of "In the Globe terrestre."

There was a rumour in town on the same evening, that the French squadron had absolutely TAKEN HALIFAX--we shall doubtless hear further on this important subject, Argus.

A Jamaica paper of Sept. 17, states that there has been an attack on St. Marc's in which the Brigands were repelled with the loss of 210 men--the loss on the part of the English inconsiderable.

It states further that Sanbonax, Lavaux, and other leading characters have been massacred at Cape Francois.

Arrived at Philadelphia on Monday last, another prize the brig *Active*, from Jamaica to England, and on Tuesday the ship *John Hudson*, also from Jamaica.

The following British officers, and others are on board the *Active*.

Colonel Hay,	Captain M'Claverly,
Captain Barclay,	Lieutenant Sanford,
Mrs. Isaacs,	Mrs. Jones,
Mrs. Hall,	Mr. Thomas Given,
Mr. J. Osmond,	and Mr. A. de Ban.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE, Sept. 6.

DRESDEN, August 27,

Intelligence has been received here of considerable advantages having been obtained by the united armies of the Archduke Charles and General Wartenfleben over that of General Jourdan.

These accounts state, that after General Wartenfleben left Amberg he retreated to the left side of the Nab, having his main corps opposite to Schwarzenfeldt with two different corps, besides towards Herboerg and Shwardoff, where he remained while General Jourdan's army advanced near him, on the opposite side of the river, in three divisions, of which he himself commanded the center. This was about the 20th or 21st of August.

That the Archduke, after abandoning Donawert, had retired behind the Lech, and taken a strong position near its confluence with the Danube; but understanding that, independent of General Jourdan's grand array in face of General Wartenfleben, another division of the French under General Championet, was advancing towards Rauibon, his Royal Highness, after leaving a strong corps behind the Lech to observe General Moreau, marched along the Danube with the remainder, about 40,000 men, and passed that river at Ingolstadt about the 17 or 18th. That from thence he advanced by Dietfurt to Teining, where he met the advanced posts of General Championet's division, beat them back, and followed them towards Caiell, on the way to Amberg. That by this time General Jourdan took alarm, and recalled his troops towards Amberg, and in proportion as he retreated General Wartenfleben advanced.

That between Amberg and Sulzbach General Jourdan drew up his army, and a battle ensued, in which the Austrian's were victorious. That the loss of the French on this occasion was supposed to be 5000 killed, and 2000 made prisoners, with about 30 pieces of cannon. That the whole of the Austrian army was not engaged, but a considerable corps was detached at the same time to Hutspruch, Laun, and Nuremberg, of which city the Austrians took possession.

LONDON, Sept. 15.

We mentioned in yesterday's Courier that another battle had been fought between General Jourdan and the Archduke, in which the former had been again defeated. The Paris papers to the 12th inst. which we received last night, confirm this intelligence and bring the official details.

After the first defeat on the 2nd ult. General Jourdan retired to Forcheim--on the 9th to Hamburg--and on the 20th to Shewsinurt. The Archduke, in the mean time continued to advance, and on the 3d inst. crossed the Main and entered Wurtzburg. In this position General Jourdan resolved to attack him.

A similar resolution had been formed by the Archduke. The battle began at eight in the morning of the third, and was fought for some time with various success. The Austrians appear to have had superior cavalry to the French; and, according to General Jourdan's letter, pouted in fresh troops every moment. The French were defeated, and forced to retreat to Hamelburg.

The Austrian arms, tho' victorious in Franconia, have been unsuccessful in Bavaria, and General Moreau has gained another victory. After the passage of the Lech, and defeat of the Austrian General Latour, the army of the Rhine and Moselle advanced to Dakau, Pafinhofen, and Bombac, and the Austrians retreated behind the Iler--having received reinforcements from the Archduke, they made on the last inst. an attack upon the left wing of General Moreau's army--The battle continued during the whole day; at length the Austrians were defeated at all points, and forced to retreat, with the loss of 1800 men in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

Yesterday morning a letter was received by Mr. King, one of his majesty's under secretaries of state, from the Mayor of Dover, stating that an American vessel was arrived there from Boulogne, the Capt. which reports that he had seen a Paris paper of the 13th inst. which contains the news of General Jourdan's having been entirely defeated in a second engagement with Archduke Charles, with the loss of 15,000 men.

We shall make no other comment on this news, which certainly requires much confirmation, than that it seems to be the opinion of well-informed men, that the Archduke would certainly follow up his first advantages, without giving time to Jourdan to rally his forces.

T H E A T R E.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED,

A COMEDY, called, The

COUNTRY GIRL.

Moody,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Berville,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Harcourt,	Mr Tyler,
Countrymen,	Mr Roberts,
And, Sparkith,	Mr Martin,
Alitheas,	Mrs Tyler,
Lucy,	Mrs Brett,
And, Peggy,	Mrs Hodgkinson,

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, called, The

P U R S E:

Or, American Tar.

Will Steady,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Edmund,	Mr Tyler,
Baron,	Mr Johnson,
Theodore,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Thomas,	Mr Jefferson,
Servants,	Mrs Leonard, and M'Knight,
The Page,	Mrs Harding,
And, Sally,	Mrs Hodgkinson.

BOX 8s. PIT 6s. GALLERY 4s.
* The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the curtain drawn up a Quarter after Six o'clock.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Thursday the 19th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Captain JOHN SAUNDERS, of Exeter, (Eng.) to Miss CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. A. M'GREGOR, Merchant, to Miss JANET WILSON, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. GIDEON HALLETT, to Miss POLLY PUGSLKEY, both of New-Town, (L. I.)

On Monday evening last, Mr JOHN MUNRO, Merchant, of this city, to Miss OLIVIA ROE, daughter of the Rev. Axel Roe, of Woodbridge, New-Jersey.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. EDWARD MEEKS, to Miss SUSANAH COOPER, both of this city.

JOHN HARRISON

No. 3, Peck-Slip,

HAS RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO HIS FORMER ASSORTMENT, THE FOLLOWING

New and Entertaining Novels.

MYSTERIES of Udolpho, Ghost-Seer, Arabian Tales, Victim of Passion, Arabian Nights, Eloisa, with the Sequel of Julia, Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas, Edwy, son of Ethelred the Second, an historic tale, Rock of Modice, or the Legend of Sir Ethoram, Count Roderick's Castle, Haunted Priory, Inquisitor, (by Miss Rowson) Romance of the Forest, Baronets d'Alantun, Emely Montague, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mystic Cottages of Chamouny, Evelina, or the History of a young lady's entrance into the world.

Perfidious Guardian, or Vicissitudes of Fortune, Simple Story, House of Tyrian, Joseph, Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia, Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Gabrielle de Vergey, Recluse of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales, Renounter, or Transition of a Moment, Philanthropic Rambler, Moral Tales, Baron Trenck, Damil Massacre, Tristram Shandy, Fool of Quality, Julie Benson, Almoran and Esther, Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Joseph Andrews, Vicar of Wakefield, Pamela, Man of the World, Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World, Telemachus, Visit of a Week, Rural Walks, Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer, Roderick Random, Entertaining Novelist, Devil on two Sticks, (French and English)

Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan, Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages, Gallus Valla, Tales of Past Times, (French and English) Pleasing Instructor, Select Stories, Children's Friend, Robinson Crusoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto, Democrat, Bloody Buoy, MISCELLANEOUS AND INSTINCTIVE.

Lady's Library, Centaur not Faubulous, Hive, Fabulous History, Rambler, Aesop's Fables, Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, Flowers of History, Lessons of a Governor, Father's Instructions, Spectator, Mrs Rowe's Letters, Miss Bleeker's Posthumous Works, Homer's Iliad, Spirit of Despotism, Zimmermann on Solitude, Cain's Lamentations over Abel, Volney's Ruins, Columbian Mule, Goldsmith's Works, Mellish, Rights of Woman, Miscellaneous Works, Elegant Miscellanies, Chronicles of the Kings of England, Lavater on Physiognomy, (with elegant engravings.)

DIVINITY.

Folio and Quarto Bibles, with Plates, Burket on the New Testament, Signs of the Times, Watson's Apology for the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Bennet's Letters to a Young Lady, Ainsworth's Testifies, Religious Courtship, Fletcher's Spiritual Letters, Fletcher's Life, Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized, Hervey's Meditations, Mrs. Chapone's Letters, Dodridge's Life and Progress of Religion in the Soul, Edwards' Enquiry, Devout Christian, Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, &c. &c. ALSO, QUARTO WOVE POST, and FOOLSCAP (both Quarto) ENGLISH PAPER.

Court of Apollo.

THE SONG OF JONATHAN FARMER, TO HIS FAVOURITE FAIR.

This Song is not offered to the Public with an intent of bringing honour upon our Jonathan, although he's a good Lad; yet as he is like the rest of his sex, it may answer as an antidote for extreme fondness for husband to some of our young Girls, who are shortly to make more links to the hymenial Chain, &c.

BETTY BOUNCER.

LOVELY Girl that's fair and kind,
Sweetest lip and purest mind;
Hair that hangs in ringlets low,
Who could help but loving you.
Teeth so white as chalk I'm told,
Breath; no air one half so pure,
Eyes so black as any thoe,
Who could help but loving you.
Arms and waist, seem whisper come!
Soon I fly and am at home;
Lovely hands as white as snow,
Who can help but loving you.
Once I thought the art unknown,
How to touch this Earthly Boon:
Now you rave at kisses few,
Who the Devil can't love you?...

* He was married after a few of the like preceding, intended panegyrics.

+ This verse was not written until about six months after the happy event, referred to in the former note.

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues his Seminary at No. 10, Peck-Slip; and that he has now opened

An Evening School,

at the same place; where the pupils will be instructed in all the branches usually taught in the English language, on the most approved plan. WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, Sept. 23, 1796. 31--if.

Fellows' Circulating Library,

CONTAINING the latest and most approved NOVELS, &c. is kept in Wall-street, No. 60.

Subscribers pay in advance, 40s. a year, 12s. a quarter, 3s. a month. Non-subscribers 1s. for an 8vo. volume six days, 6d. for a 12 mo. 3 days. 31 if.

October 1, 1796.

JOHN VANDER POOL, Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Linners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes.

Aug. 6 31--if.

Hibbert's Brown Stout, & Best London Porter,

Imported in the ship Triumph, from London, and for Sale at a small advance on the original cost, by MICHAEL MOORE, and CO.

AT THEIR PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C. HAVILAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company. By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the single dozen. Also,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder. Merchants, Captains of vessels, whether in town or country, may be supplied at the shortest notice, and all orders shall be carefully attended.

N. B. A generous price given for empty bottles.

October 8. 32 if.

Hartin and Caverly,

HAVE removed to their new Store, No. 27, Albany Pier, west side of Coenties-Slip, where they have for sale, a general assortment of

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

About 2000 yards tow cloth, and a quantity of check Flannel. Also,

One Lot of ground, at the shipyards, near Col. Rutgers, and three lots on the Greenwich road, adjoining lots of Wm. W. Gilberi, Esq. And,

A handsome bay Horse, four years old; he is very pleasant under the saddle, and has been broken to the gears, is found and free of faults.

They will likewise receive in store, and sell upon commission, most kinds of country produce.

To Let, the Store and a spacious cellar, No. 85, Pearl-street.

Wanted, Two or Three Men that are acquainted with packing crockery, apply as above.

October 1, 1796.

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL,

No. 49, Gold-street.

MANY respectable characters in New-York, approving Mr. Milns' resolution of enlarging his plan, have solicited him to extend it still further, and establish a general School for the accommodation of those who were excluded by the limited numbers, and necessary high rate of a select private class.

He feels himself happy in meeting the wishes of those gentlemen, as they accord with an idea that has long been rooted in his mind; and flatters the ambition which he is proud to cherish; that of laying the foundation of an establishment in the city of New-York, such as may not only merit public confidence and support, but vie with the best Seminaries in Great Britain, and concentrate all their separate advantages.

The Greek and Roman Classics contain some of the noblest specimens of taste, and the noblest efforts of genius—they are likewise the source to which all the terms of art and science may be traced; their cultivation is therefore of consequence in every liberal establishment; but in a community resting on the basis of Commerce, and the laws not only its greatness and splendor, but even its influence to Commercial intercourse; other branches of education are still more essentially requisite.

A critical knowledge of the peculiarities of our NATIVE language, a just perception of its copiousness, a cultivated taste for the elegancies of composition, and a grateful and energetic elocution, are equally the ornament of the Scholar, the private Gentleman, and the Merchant; and a complete knowledge of Accounts, an accurate idea of the relative situations, customs, and languages of different countries, and above all, an elegant and ready command of the pen are absolutely necessary to every one who aspires eminently to succeed in a Commercial and growing country; these branches should consequently be infused upon unremitted affiduity in every Seminary profiting a general and useful course of education.

The single exertions of an individual being incompetent to so extensive an undertaking, Mr. Milns has availed himself of Mr. Shepherd's return to the city, and has formed a partnership with him and Mr. Hardie—two gentlemen whose abilities in the several departments they profess, have been long known to the public.

The School will open on Monday next under the joint care of the subscribers, where will be taught systematically, the English, French, Latin and Greek Classics, Elocution, Composition, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Merchants Accounts, Geography, with the use of Globes and Maps, Navigation, and every branch of practical and speculative Mathematics; and as it is the intention to prepare the pupil to quit School with such general advantages as may enable him to enter with success, college, the liberal profession, the counting-house or the navy, they flatter themselves it is no presumption to denominate this Seminary by way of distinction,

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

Young Ladies taught the English and French Languages, Writing, accounts, &c. &c. &c. in an apartment quite connected with the general School.

The School-room, which is very large and commodious is divided by a partition for the accommodation of such grown gentlemen as wish to sit separate.

The Evening School continues as usual.

WILLIAM MILNS,

EDWARD SHEPHERD,

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Mr. Milns' Text and Running-hand Copies may be had as above; also, Mr. Hardie's Latin Grammar, and his American Remembrancer.

Preparing for the press, and will be published as speedily as possible, the ad Edition of the Well-Bred School, or Practical Essays for the Improvement of Youth in their Literary Pursuits—Likewise a new System of Arithmetic—both by Wm. Milns, Member of St. Mary's Hall in the University of Oxford, and author of the Penman's Repository, &c. &c.

Oct. 15 33--if.

MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINERY, AND CLEAR-STARCHING—Likewise, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Linen Made in the Neatest Manner, at No. 39, Ferry-Street.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.